**AMUSEMENTS** 

# THE FOURTH IN SALVADOR

"The Inspectors kept dropping in, trying to catch me without the goods."

tions. How much does patriotism count for on deposit when the little man with the green eyeshade in the savings bank adds up your book? Suppose you were to get pinched over here in this irreligious country for some little crime or other, and appealed to your country for protection—what would it do for you? Turn your

ed up to the Saloon of the Im-maculate Saints where we were to meet, I felt better. And when

I saw those other American boys ome swaggering into the tryst-

ing place-cool, easy, conspicu-ous fellows, ready to risk any

kind of a one-card draw, or to fight grizzlies, fire, or extradi-tion, I began to feel glad I was

one of 'em. So, I says to myself again: 'Billy, you've got \$15 and

a country left this morning -blow in the dollars and blow up

the town as an American gentle-

man should on Independence

began the day along conventional

lines. The six of us—for Sterrett was along—made progress among

the cantinas, divesting the bars

as we went of all strong drink bearing American labels. We kept informing the atmosphere

as to the glory and pre-eminence of the United States and its abil-

ity to subdue, outjumn, and eradicate the other mations of the earth. And, as the findings of

American labels grew more plen-

tiful, we became more contami-nated with patriotism. Maximil-

ian Jones hopes that our late foe,

Mr. Sterrett, will not take of-

fense at our enthusiasm. He sets

down his bottle and shakes Ster-

rett's hand. 'As white man to white man,' says he, 'denude our

uprear of the slightest taint of

personality. Excuse us for Bunk-

'It is my recollection that we

## By O. HENRY

city was rocking with the din and red uproar of patriotism. Billy Casparis told me this story. In his way, Billy is Ulysses, jr. Like Satan, he comes from going to and fro upon the earth and walking up and down in it. Tomorrow morning while you are cracking your breakfast egg he may be off with his little alligator grip to boom a town site in the middle of Lake Okeechobee or to trade horses with the Pata-

We sat at a little, round table, and between us were glasses holding big lumps of ice, and above us leaned an artificial palm. And because our scene was set with the properties of the one they recalled to his mind, Billy was stirred to narrative. "It reminds me," said he, "of a Fourth I helped to celebrate down in Salvador. "Twas while I was running an ice factory down there, after I unloaded that silver mine I had in Colorado. had what they called a 'condi-tional concession.' They made me put up \$1,000 cash forfeit that 1 would make ice continuously for six months. If I did that I could draw down my ante. If I failed to do so the government took the So the inspectors kept dropping in, trying to catch me without the goods.

"One day when the thermometer was at 110, the clock at halfpast one, and the calendar at July 3, two of the little, brown, oily nosers in red trousers slid in to make an inspection. Now, the factory hadn't turned out a pound of ice in three weeks, for couple of reasons. The Salvador heathen wouldn't buy it; they said it made things cold, they put it in. And I couldn't make any more, because I was broke. All I was holding on for was to get down my thousand so I could leave the country. The six months would be up on the sixth of July.

Well, I showed 'em all the ice. I had. I raised the lid of a darkish vat, and there was an elegant 100-pound block of ice, beautiful and convincing to the eye. I was about to close down the lid again when one of those brunette sleuths flops down on his red knees and lays a slanderous and violent hand on my guarantee of good faith. And in two minutes more they had dragged out on the floor that fine chunk of molded glass that had cost me \$50 to have shipped down from Frisco.

'Ice-y?' says the fellow that played me the dishonorable 'verree warm ice-y. Yes. The day is that hot, senor. Yes. Maybeso it is of desirableness to leave him out to get the cool.

"'Yes,' says I, 'yes,' for I knew they had me. 'Touching's believing. ain't it, boys? Yes. Now there's some might say the seats of your trousers are sky blue, but 'tis my opinion they are red. Let's apply the tests of the laying on of hands and feet." I hoisted both those inspectors out the door on the toe my shoe, and sat down to cool off my block of disreputable

glass. "And, as I live without oats, while I sat there, homesick for money and without a cent to my ambition, there came on the breeze the most beautiful smell my nose had entered for a year. God knows where it came from in that backyard of a countryit was a bouquet of soaked lemon peel, cigar stumps, and stale beer-exactly the smell of Goldbrick Charley's place on Fourteenth street where I used to play pinochle of afternoons with the third-rate actors. And that smell drove my troubles through me and clinched 'em at the back. I began to long for my country and feel sentiments about it; and I said words about Salvador that you wouldn't think auld come legitimate out of an

ca factory. And while I was sitting there, was through the blazing sunme in his clean, white clothes Maximilian Jones, merican interested in rubber and rosewood.

cat carrambos!' says I, when he stepped in, for I was in a bad temper, didn't I have satastrophes enough? I know what you want. You want to tell me that stary again about Johnsty Ammiger and the widow on the bad. on the train. You've told it nine times already this month.

"It must be the heat, says
Jones, stopping in the door, amazed, 'Poor Billy, He's got

bugs. Sitting on ice, and calling his best friends pseudonyms. Hi muchacho!' Jones called my force of employes, who was sitting in the sun, playing with his toes, and told him to put on his trousers and run for the doctor. 'Come back.' says I. down, Maxy, and forget it. 'Tis not ice you, see, nor a lunatic up-'Tis only an exile full of homesickness sitting on a lump of glass that's just cost him a thousand dollars. Now what was it Johnny said to the widow first? I'd like to hear it again, Maxyhonest. Don't mind what I said." "Maximilian Jones and I sat down and talked. He was about as sick of the country as I was, for the grafters were squeezing him for half the profits of his rosewood and rubber. Down in the bottom of a tank of water I had a dozen bottles of sticky Frisco beer; and I fished these up, and we fell to talking about home and the flag and Hail Columbia and home fried potatoes; and the drivel we contributed would have sickened any man's enjoying those blessings. But at that time we were out of 'em. You can't appreciate home till you've left it, money till it's spent, your wife till she's joined a woman's club, nor Old Glory till you see It hanging on a broomstick on

eign town.
And sitting there me and Maximilian Jones, scratching at our prickly heat and kicking at the lizards on the floor, became afflicted with a dose of patriotism and affection for our country. There was me, Billy Casparis, reduced from a capitalist to a pasper by over-addiction to my glass (in the lump), declares my troubles off for the present and myself to be an uncrowned sovereign of the greatest country on earth. And Maximilian Jones pours out the whole drug stores of his wrath on oligarchies and potentates in red trousers and called shoes. And we issues a declaration of interference in which we guarantee that the which we guarantee that the fourth day of July shall be cele-

the shanty of a consul in a for-

brated in Salvador with all the kinds of salutes, explosions, honors of war, oratory, and liquids known to tradition. Yes, neither me nor Jones breathed with squi so dead. There shall be rucuses in Salvador, we say, and the monkeys had better climb the tallest coccanut trees and the fire department get out its red sashes and two tin buckets.

"About this time into the factory steps a native man incriminated by the name of General Mary Esperanza Dingo. He was

nated by the name of General Mary Esperanza Dingo. He was some pumpkin both in politics and color, and the friend of me and Jones. He was full of peliteness and a kind of intelligence, having picked up the latter and managed to preserve the former during a two years' residence in Philadelphia studying medicine. For a Salvadorian he was not such a calamitous little man, though he always would play jack, queen, king, ace, deuce for a straight.

for a straight.

"General Mary sits with us and has a botle. While he was in the States he had acquired a synopsis of the English language and the art of admiring our institutions. By and by the General gets up and tiptoes to the doors and windows and other stage en-trances, remarking 'Hist!' at each one. They all do that in Salvador before they ask for a drink of water or the time of day. being conspirators from the cradle and matinee idols by procla-

"Hist! says General Dingo again, and then he lays his chest on the table quite like Gaspard the Miser. Good friends, senores, tomorrow will be the great day of Liberty and Independence. The hearts of Americans and Salvadorians should beat together. Of your history and your great Washington I know. Is it not

Now me and Jones thought that nice of the General to re-member when the Fourth came. It made us feel good. He must have heard the news going round in Philadelphia about that disturbance we had with England. "'Yes,' says me and Maxy to-gether, 'we knew it. We were

talking about it when you came in. And you can bet your bot-tom concession that there'll be fuss and feathers in the air to morrow. We are few in numbers, but the welkin may as well reach out to push the button, for it's got to ring." 'I, too, shall assist,' says the

General, thumping his collar-bone. I, too, am on the side of liberty. Noble Americans, we will make the day one to be never forgotten." "'For us American whisky."

says Jones-'none of your Scotch smoke or anisada or Three Star row the consul's flag; old man Billfinger shall make orations and we'll have a barbecue on the

from Denver

the general; 'one big cannon that will go "Boom!" And three hun-dred men with rifles to shoot.' says Jones, 'Generalissimo, you're the real silk elas-tic. We'll make it a joint international celebration. Please, Gen. follows: eral, get a white horse and a blue sash and be grand marshal."

'With my sword,' says the general, rolling his eyes, T shall ride at the head of the brave men who gather in the name of liber-

"And you might," we suggest, see the commandante and advise him that we are going to prize things up a bit. We Americans, you know, are accustomed to using municipal regulations for gun wadding when we line up to help the eagle scream. He might suspend the rules for one day. We don't want to get in the calaboose for spanking his soldiers if they get in our way, do you

"'Hist!' says Gen. Mary. "The commandante is with us, heart and soul. He will aid us. He is

"We made all the arrangements that afternoon. There was a buck coon from Georgia in Salvador who had drifted down there from a busted-up colored colony that had been started on some possum-less land in Mexico. As soon as he heard us say 'barbeçue' he wept for joy and groveled on the ground. He dug his trench on the plaza, and got half a beef on the coals for an all-night roast. Me and Maxy went to see the rest of the Americans in the town and they all sizzled like a seidlitz with joy at the idea of solemnizing an old-time Fourth.

There were six of us all together-Martin Dillard, a coffee planter: Henry Barnes, a railroad man; old man Billfinger, an educated tintype taker; me and Jonesy, and Jerry, the boss of the barcue. There was also an Bng. lishman in town named Sterrett, who was there to write a book on Domestic Architecture of the Insect World. We felt some bashfulness about inviting a Britisher to help crow over his own country, but we decided to risk it. out of our personal regard for

"We found Sterrett in pajamas working at his manuscript with a bottle of brandy for a paper

'Englishman,' says Jones, 'let us interrupt your disquisition on bug houses for a moment. To-morrow is the Fourth of July. We don't want to hurt your feelings, but we're going to commemorate the day when we licked you by a little refined debauchery and nonsense something that can be heard above five miles off. If you are broadgauged enough to taste whisky at your own wake, we'd be pleased to have you join us." "Do you know, says Sterrett, setting his glasses on his nose, T like your cheek in asking me if I'll join you; blast me if I don't.
You might have known I would,
without asking. Not as a traitor without asking. Not as a traitor to my own country, but for the intrinsic joy of a blooming row." On the morning of the Fourth I woke up in that old shanty of an ice factory feeling sore. I looked around at the wrecks of all I possessed, and my heart was full of bile. From where I lay on my cot I could look through the window and see the consul's old ragged Stars and Stripes hanging over his shack. Toure all kinds of a fool, Billy Casparis. I says to myself: and of all your crimes against sense it does look like this idea of celebrating the Fourth should receive the award of demerit. Your business is busted up, your thousand dellars.



"Noble Americans, We Will Make the Day One to Be Never Forgotten!"

is gone into the kitty of this corrupt country on that last bluff you made, you've got just fifteen Chili dollars left worth forty-six cents each at bedtime last night and steadily going down. Today.

you'll blow in your last cent hurrahing for that flag, and tonanas from the stalk and screwing your drinks out of your friends. What's the flag done for

you worked for what you got. You wore your finger nails down skinning suckers, and salting mines, and driving bears and al-

## Little Girl Wins First Uncle Wiggily Prize; Herald Offers More Cash for Colorings "I thought you wanted my souse. Herald Offers More Cash for Colorings said Uncle Wiggily. "Burr-r-r-r-! I should say not now!" howled the Bazoopa. "I don't want anything. My mouth is too

### 34 Contestants Honored by Judges in Selecting Best Drawings.

day. The winners of this contest are announced in today's Herald, and another drawing to be colored is presented.

The awards for last week were made by Uncle Wiggily's judges, as First prise, \$2.-Annetta T. Kil- ture.

lian, 14 years old, of 1337 Girard The Herald offers \$2 for the best drawing: \$1.50 for the second best: street northwest.

Third prise, \$1-Marle Burton, 9, in awarding prizes. of 2231 Thirteenth street northwest. The awards made for last week's only much smalled, of course.

Six prises, 50 cents each: Otis piace northwest.

bin road northwest.
Julia Legipe, Behring, 15, 1870 Wyoming avenue northwest. Mary Chiricleison, 14, 2003 Geo-

gis avenue abribwest.

And Dally Heraid for suggestions see if the pills were safe.

Kate Rielley, 15, 1917 Sixteenth that will help them in the coloring, see if the pills were safe.

The Uncle Wiggily contest has up
"I am not a bug, if you please,"

attrect southeast. Honorable Mention.

ryn V. Shaw, 12, 512 Kenyon street north-west; Mildred Fansler, 12, Bethesda, Md.; Dora Fickien, 13, 701 M street northwest; Dora Ficklen. 13. 701 M street northwest; Florence Perry. 13. 2009 Fourtsenth street northwest; Lucille Mabel Brown. 14. 4236 Eighth street northwest; Eugene F. Wilhoit, 14. 312 Fayette street. Alexandria. Va.; Mary R. Smith, 14. East Hyattsville. Md.; Geneiva Mills, 11. 107 North Payne street, Alexandria. Va.; Grace Kuffler. 11. 2025 Wisconsin avenue northwest; Elsie Gruff, 11. Grant avenue Mannassas, Va.; Agnes E. Stock. 0, 3737 Michigan avenue northeast; Mathew T. Sawtelle, 9, 3001 Eleventh street northwest; Billie Lowe, 9, Oh, there I go again! Getting

104 Carroll street southeast; Louis C. Campbell. 8, 3102 Clay street. Richmond. Va.; Ervilla Rolff. 321 Virginia avenue southwest; Nicholas Brown. 5, Warrenton. Va.; Evelyn Howard. 12, 643 Fourteenth street northeast; Margaret Smith. 13, 30 Sixth street southwest; Muriel Chamberlain, 810 Competition With Older Street northwest; Muriel Chamberlain, 810 Competition With Older Chamberlain, 810 Competition With Older Street northwest; Rita Downe, 10, 3327 Tenth street northwest.

There is one cannon, said Wiggily drawings printed last Sun- than Wednesday noon and must be Uncle Wiggily,

Sunday Herald.

readers are advited to follow this branch.

is a cripple and never has been to move my wings so fast that they school.

The got two navy sixes I brought for the best colorings of the Uncie crayon or paint. All pictures must pole rheumatism crutch with him. down! Oh, how funny he must be in The Horald office not later doing for you?" he asked Nurse

> Contestants should fill out the answered the muskrat lady. "I have the tiny creature. Then she sang blank below the Uncle Wiggily pic- a little malaria, and quinine pills are a dear little song for Mr. Longears. good to cure it."

"I'll get you some," promised Un- the quinine pills without chewing cle Wiggily. So he hopped to the them. But the Bazoopa had a bit-Second prise, \$1.50 - Alline Me- \$1 for the third best, and 50 cents cle Wiggily. So he hopped to the Bride, 13, of 3623 Tenth street north- each for the next six best. Age of nine and ten cent store and soon the contestants will be considered bought a box of quinine pills, which try to go swimming in the soda were shaped just like birds' eggs, water fountain, and splash molasses drawing; went to boys and girls On his way back to the hollow next about Uncle Wiggily and the Beatrice R. Marself, 12, of 1623 who showed plainly that they had stump bungalow. Uncle Wiggily eel. been studying the Uncle Wiggily heard a queer little song being sung Franklin Peed, 7, of Mt. Rainfer, pictures and stories. By reading the by some one in a tree near the path.

> ways red, white and blue. Youthful curious little creature perched on a feature closely in both the Sunday "Oh, what a funny bug!" said Mr. and Daily Herald for suggestions Longeurs, feeling in his pocket to

covered at least one real artist said the voice, as it stopped sing-among the boys and girls who take ing. "I am a hummingbird, and Eleanor Herbert, 9, 708 L street south-among the boys and girls who take ing. I am a hummingbird, and cast; Anna Higdon, Sterling, Va.; Mary D. part every week. This is Eugene F. though I am very small and my Halden, 1242 Girard street northeast; Kath- Wilhoit, of Alexandria, Virginia, eggs are very tiny, still I am a Wilhoit, of Alexandria, Virginia eggs are very tiny, still I am a who this week enclosed samples of bird and I hum and sing. I am some fine free band drawings. He called a hummingbird because I

> "Oh, I am pleased to meet you," spoke Uncle Wiggily, and then the hummingbird showed him her nest, Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy one day, as which was as small as a tiny doll's teacup. In the nest were some tiny eggs. "Why, they're just the size and

shape of Nurse Jane's quinine pills," said the bunny, as he looked at the hummingbird's nest. "Yes, so they are," the bird sang. "But out of my eggs, small and

tiny as they are, will come my dear little birds when I hatch them. What will come out of Nurse Janes Nothing but a white, bitter

powder," said the bunny. "It would pucker Nurse Jane's mouth all up, except that the powder is inside the pills and she swallows them whole without chewing."
Well, Uncle Wiggily was just say-

ing good-by to the hummingbird, and he was putting the quinine pills back in his pocket, the bunny genalong comes the bad, old Bazoopa, ing his way through the

"I'm hungry!" howled the Babit ear souse and eggs for my lunch! I must have hummingbird's eggs, too, as all the other eggs are too large! I'll take some hummingbird's With that the Bazoopa reached

up, and he was just going to pull down the dear, cute, little hummingbird's nest, and take out the tiny eggs when Uncle Wiggily suddenly held out his paw. "Are these what you want?" fie

The Bazoopa looked at what Uncle Wiggily held out. They were little round objects; a half a dozen Ha! Hummingbird's eggs! Just

what I want," snickered the bad chap. "But I thought humming-birds only Isid three eggs! However, no matter. I'll eat these, and then I'll take your souse, Uncle Wig-With that the bad chap made a

With that the bad chap made a grab for the tiny, white, round things on the bunny's paw. Into his mouth the Bazoopa popped them.

"Oh, I love hummingbird's eggs!" he cried, and then as he chewed on the things he had taken from Uncle Wiggly, the Bazoopa made a funny face and then he wrinkled up his nose, and he twisted his ears around, and he cried: "Oh wow! Oh danella" to the pullinggily-wobble! Oh what bitter him it was unust the something when the public

."What did you give him. Uncle Wiggily, instead of letting him take my eggs?" asked the hummingbird when the bad chap was gone. "I gave him some of Nurse Jane's

bitter quinine pills, which looked "Fireworks,' says I, 'will be scarce; but we'll have all the carscarce; but we'll have all the cartridges in the shops for our guns.

Girls and boys up to 16 years old

Clirls and boys up to 16 years old

Wigthings all muddled up, am I not? I the bunny, laughing. "There were tridges in the shops for our guns.

Peted for The Herald's cash prizes gily picture on this page with meant Uncle Wiggily had his barber and the Bazoopa chewed them right

"Well. I'm glad he did." buzzed the hummingbird. "Thank you for "I would like some quinine pills," hatch little birds from them," said her malaria when she swallowed

> And if the ice cream cone doesn't all over the cream puff, I'll tell you

(Copyright, 1929, by The McClure Syndicate.)

er Hill, Patrick Henry, and Waldorf Astor, and such grievances as might lie between us as na-

"Fellow hoodlums," says Ster-rett, 'on behalf of the Queen I ask you to cheese it. It is an honor to be a guest at disturbing the peace under the American first. Let us chant the passionate strains of "Yankee Doodle" while the senor behind the bar mitigates the occasion with another round of cochines and aqua-fertis.

"Old Man Billfinger, being charged with a kind of rhetoric, makes speeches every time we stop. We explained to such citizens as we happened to step on that we were celebrating the dawn of our private brand or liberty, and to please enter such inhumanities as we might com mit on the list of unavoidable

your country for protection—what would it do for you? Turn your appeal over to a committee of one railroad man, an army officer, a member of each labor union, and a colored man to investigate whether any of your ancestors were ever related to a cousin of Mark Hanna, and then file the papers in the Smithsonian Institution until after the next election. That's the kind of a side-track the Stars and Stripes would switch you onto.

"You can see that I was feeling like an indigo plant; but after I washed my face in some cool water, and got out my navys and ammunition, and started up to the Saloon of the Im-"About 11 o'clock our bulletins read: "A considerable rise in temperature, accompanied by thirst and other alarming symptoms." We hooked arms and stretched our line across the narrow streets, all of us armed with Winchesters and navys for purposes of noise and without malice. We stopped on a street corner and fired a dosen or so rounds, and began a serial assortment of United States who and yells, probably the first ever heard in that town.

"When we made that noise things began to liven up. We heard a pattering up a side street, and here came Gen. Mary Esperanza Dingo on a white brown boys following him in red undershirts and bare feet, dragging guns ten feet long. and me had forgot all about Gen Mary and his promise to help us celebrate. We fired another sathe general shook hands with us and waved his sword.

"'Oh, General,' shouts Jones, 'this is great. This will be a real pleasure to the eagle. Get down and have a drink.' 'Drink?' says the general. 'No.

There is no time to drink. Viva la Libertad!" "Don't forget E Pluribus Unum!" says Henry Barnes.

"'Viva it good and strong,' says I. 'Likewise, viva George Washington. God save the Union and,' I says, bowing to Sterrett, 'don't discard the Queen.' 'Thanks,' says Sterrett. 'The

next round's mine. All in to the bar. Army, too.' "But we were deprived of Sterrett's treat by a lot of gunshots several squares away, which Gen. Dingo seemed to think he ought to look after. He spurred his old

white plug up that way, and the soldiers scuttled along after him. "'Mary is a real tropical bird,' says Jones. 'He's turned out the infantry to help us do honor to the Fourth. We'll get that cannon he spoke of after a while and fire some window-breakers with it. But just now I want

some of that barbecued beef. Let us on to the plaza.' "There we found the meat gloriously done, and Jerry waiting, grass, and got hunks of it on our tin plates. Maximilian Jones, always made tender-hearted by drink, cried some because George Washington couldn't be there to enjoy the day. There was a man I love, Billy." he says, weeping on my shoulder. 'Poor George! think he's gone, and missed the fireworks. A little more salt, please, Jerry.

"From what we could hear, Gen. Dingo seemed to be kindly contributing some noise while we feasted. There were guns going off around town, and pretty soon

## Ralph M. Rogers, 6, 1731 Column- Wigglity's rheumatism crutch is al- saw some fluttering wings and a ROYALTIES ON POPULAR SONG \$250,000; COMPOSER GOT \$100



MRS. THEKLA ANDREW AND JOHNNY BLACK.

"Dardanella" is one of the most a check for \$100 he accepted. popular songs ever written in Now he is suing for a share of Royalties on the piece are re-ported to have reached \$250,000.

And Johnnie Black, who com- known"

The French poilu who wrote it day, she said: "I could write that got nothing—not a centime!—in kind of thing." And she did.

When Johnnie Black took "Dar-

the royalties.

These cases would seem to prove that song writing-by the "unsong writer, is an un-Into posed it, got \$100. profitable business. But there are them. "Madelon" is the most popular exceptions—like Mrs. Thekla Holsong that has been writen in France lingsworth Andrew, of Joplin, Mo. Listening to a new song hit one

"Kiss Me. Dear!" she called it Eight thousand-the entire first danella" to the publishers they told redition—were sold in no time 'n him it was unusual.

When the publisher offered has thousands are being printed. we heard the cannon go Boom!"
just as he said it would. And
then men began to skim along the
the edge of the plaza, dodging in
among the orange trees and
houses. We certainly had things
stirred up in Salvador. We felt
proud of the occasion and grateful
to Gen. Dingo. Sterrett was about to Gen. Dingo. Sterrett was about to take a bite off a juicy piece of rib when a bullet took it away

from his mouth.

"Somebody's celebrating with ball cartridges, says he, reaching for another piece. 'Little over-zealous for a non-resident patriot, isn't it?"

"Don't mind it.' I says to him.
"Twas an accident They happen,
you know, on the Pourth. After
one reading of the Declaration of
independence in New York I've
known the S. R. O. sign to be
hung out at all the hospitals and
police stations."

police stations."
"But then Jerry gives a how! and jumps up with one hand clapped to the back of his leg. where another bullet has acted over-zealous. And then comes a quantity of yells, and round a corner and across the plaza gal-lops Gen. Mary Esperanza Dingo embracing the neck of his horse, with his men running behind him mostly dropping their own guns by way of discharging ballast. And chasing 'em all is a company of feverish little warriors wearing blue trousers and caps.

'Assistance, amigos,' the general shouts, trying to stop his norse. 'Assistance, in the name of That's the Compania Azul, the

President's bodyguard.' says Jones 'What a shame! They've jumped on poor old Mary just because he was helping us to celebrate. Come on, boys, it's our Fourth-do we let that little squad of A. D. T.'s break it up?

"I vote No, says Martin Dil-lard, gathering his Winchester, It's the privilege of an American citizen to drink, drill, dress up and be dreadful on the Fourth of July, no matter whose country he's in.

"Fellow citizens!" says old man Billfinger. In the darkest hour of Freedom's birth, when our brave forefathers promul-gated the principles of undying liberty, they never expected that a bunch of blue jays like that should be allowed to bust up an anniversary. Let us preserve and

protect the Constitution."

"We made it unanimous and then we gathered our guns and assaulted the blue troops in force. We fired over their heads and then charged 'em with a yell and they broke and ran. We were irritated at having our barbecue disturbed, and we chased 'em a quarter of a mile. of 'em we caught and kicked hard. The General rallied his troops and joined in the chase. Finally they scattered in a thick banana grove, and we couldn't flush a single one. So we sat down and rested.

"If I were to be put, severe, through the third degree, I wouldn't be able to tell much about the rest of the day. I mind siderable, calling upon the people to bring out more armies for us to destroy. I remember seeing a crowd somewhere, and a tall man that wasn't Billfinger making a Fourth of July speech from a balcony. And that was

"Somebody must have hauled the old ice factory up to where I was, and put it around me, for there's where I was when I woke up next morning. As soon as I could recollect my name and address I got up and held an inquest. My last cent was gone. I .

"And then a neat black carriage drives to the door, and out steps General Dingo and a bay man in a silk hat and tan shoes. 'Yes,' says I to myself. 'I see it all now. You're the Chief de Policeos and High Lord Chamberlain of the Calaboosum; and you want Billy Casparis for ex-

cess of patriotism and assault with intent. All right. Might as well be in jail, anyhow." "But it seems that General Mary is smiling, and the bay man shakes my hand, and speaks in the American dialect.

'Gen. Dingo has informed me, Senor Casparis, of your gallant service in our cause. I desire to thank you with my person. The bravery of you and the other senores Americanos turned the struggle for liberty in our favor. Our party triumphed. The terrible battle will live forever in history.'

'Battle?' says I; 'what battle?' and I ran my mind back along history, trying to think. 'Senor Casparis is modest,' says Gen. Dingo. 'He led his brave compadres into the thickest of the fearful conflict. Yes. Without their aid the revolution would have failed.'

Why, now,' says I, 'don't tell me there was a revolution yesterday. That was only a Fourth

"But right there I abbreviated. It seemed to me it might be best 'After the terrible struggle,' says the bay man, 'President Bo-lano was forced to fly. Today Caballo is president by proclamation. Ah, yes. Beneath the new administration I am the head of the department of mercantile concessions. On my file I find one report, Senor Casparis, that you have not made ice in accord with your contract.' And here the bay man smiles at me. 'cute. 'Oh, well,' says I, 'I guess the

report's straight. I know they caught me. That's all there is "Do not say so,' says the bay man. He pulls off a glove and goes over and lays his hand on

that chunk of glass. 'Ice,' says he, nodding his "Gen. Dingo also steps over and feels of it. "'Ice,' says the General; Till swear to it."

'If Senor Casparis,' says the bay man, 'will present himself to the treasury on the sixth day of this month he will receive back the thousand dollars he did deposit as a forfeit. Adios, senor.'
"The general and the bay man

bowed themselves out, and I bowed as often as they did.

"And when the carriage rolls away through the sand I bows once more, deeper than ever, till my hat touches the ground. But this time 'twas not intended for them. For, over their heads, I saw the old flag fluttering in the breeze above the consul's roof, and 'twas to it I made my profoundest salute."

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